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# Heaving the Lead

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## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

As I was walking one morning in the breeze,  
I observed the leaves as they fell from the trees;  
They were nip'd by the frost, and wither'd withall,  
As the cold came upon them, it caused them to fall.

### CHORUS.

By further observation at last I did perceive,  
That man he has his seasons as well as the trees;  
For a while in this world he may appear both fresh and gay,  
But like the leaf he will wither and at last fall away.

Those leaves in some places lay thick upon the ground,  
Yet while looking on the trees there's more to be found;  
And all in a motion they seem for to be,  
While those that are withered, are still falling from the tree.

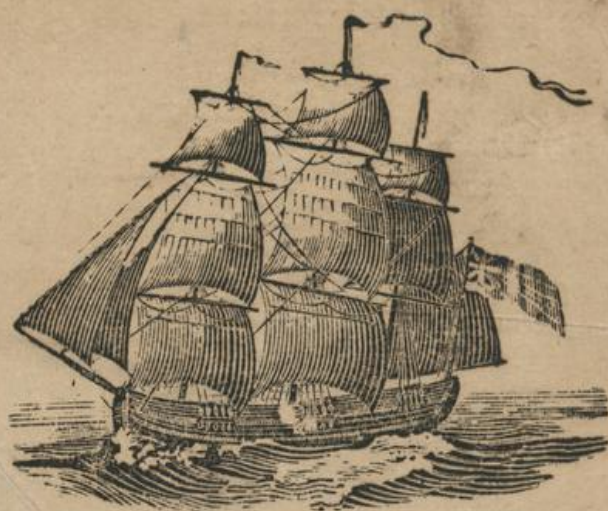
To look at those leaves but a little while ago,  
How beautiful and green on the trees they did grow,  
But now their short season, it's come on a pace,  
They are falling from the trees every day more or less.

To view the church yard what dead bodies may be seen,  
That have fallen from the world like the leaves from the trees,  
And now with old age and infirmities withall,  
Like the leaves they are withering continually to fall.

Now the season is over and the leaves are all gone,  
Back again to trees never more to return;  
But it is not so with man, for the scriptures tells us plan,  
Out of the bed of dust we must all rise again.

The scriptures plainly tells us of something more beside,  
We must stand in judgment there also to be tried,  
Before our blessed Saviour both rich and poor must stand,  
And happy will they be who go to his right hand.

No. 129.



## HEAVING THE LEAD.

For England when with the favouring gale  
Our gallant ship up channel steered,  
And scudding under easy sail.  
The high blue western land appeared;  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the deep—Nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view,  
An abbey tower, a harbour fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true  
While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the mark—Seven!

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof,  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear  
Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
Quarter less—Five!

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